

Of all the Court and Princes of my blood,  
 The hope and expectation of thy time,  
 Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man  
 Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall:  
 Had I so languish of my presence beene,  
 So common hackneied in the eyes of men,  
 So stale and cheape to vulgar company,  
 Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne,  
 Had still kept loyall to possession,  
 And left me in reputelesse banishment.  
 A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,  
 By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,  
 But like a Comet I was wondred at,  
 That men would tell their Children, This is he:  
 Others would say, Where? Which is *Bullingbrook*?  
 And then I stole all courtiesie from heauen,  
 And drest my selfe in such humility,  
 That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts:  
 Loud shoutes and salutations from their mouthes,  
 Euen in the presence of the crowned King.  
 Thus I did keepe my person fresh and new,  
 My presence like a robe pontificall,  
 Ne're seene, but wondred at, and to my state,  
 Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast  
 And wanne by rarenesse such solemnity.  
 The skipping King, he ambled vp and downe,  
 With shallow iesters, and rash bawin wits,  
 Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,  
 Mingled his royalty with carping fooles;  
 Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,  
 And gaue his countenance against his name,  
 To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push  
 Of euery bearded vaine comparatiue,  
 Grew a companion to the common streets,  
 Enforc't himselfe to popularity,  
 That being daily swallowed by mens eyes,  
 They surfeited with hony, and began to loath  
 The taste of sweetnesse, whereof a little,

More

More then a little, is by much too  
 So when he had occasion to bee seene  
 He was, but as the Cuckow is in  
 Heard, not regarded: seene but  
 As sicke and blunted with commu-  
 Afford no extraordinary gaze.  
 Such as is bent on sun-like Maiesty  
 When it shines seldome in admir-  
 But rather drowzd, and hung their  
 Slept in his face, and rendred such  
 As cloudy men vse to doe to their  
 Being with his presence, gluttied,  
 And in that very line, *Harry*, stand  
 For, thou hast lost thy Princely pri-  
 With vile participation. Not an ey  
 But is a weery of thy common figh-  
 Saue mine, which hath desired to se  
 Which now doth that I would not  
 Make blind it selfe with foolish ten-

*Prin.* I shall hereafter, my thrice  
 Be more my selfe. *King.* For  
 As thou art to this houre, was *Rich*  
 When I from *France* set foore at *R*  
 And euen as I was then, is *Percy* no  
 Now by my scepter, and my soule t  
 He hath more worthy interest to t  
 Then thou, the shadow of success  
 For of no right nor colour like ro  
 He doth fill fields with Harnesse in  
 Turnes head against the Lyons arm  
 And being no more in debt to yeere  
 Leads ancient Lords, and reuerent  
 To bloody battels, and to brusing a  
 What neuer-dying honour hath he  
 Against renowned *Douglas*? who  
 Whose hot incursions and great nar  
 Holds from all souldiers chiefe Maie  
 And military title capitall;